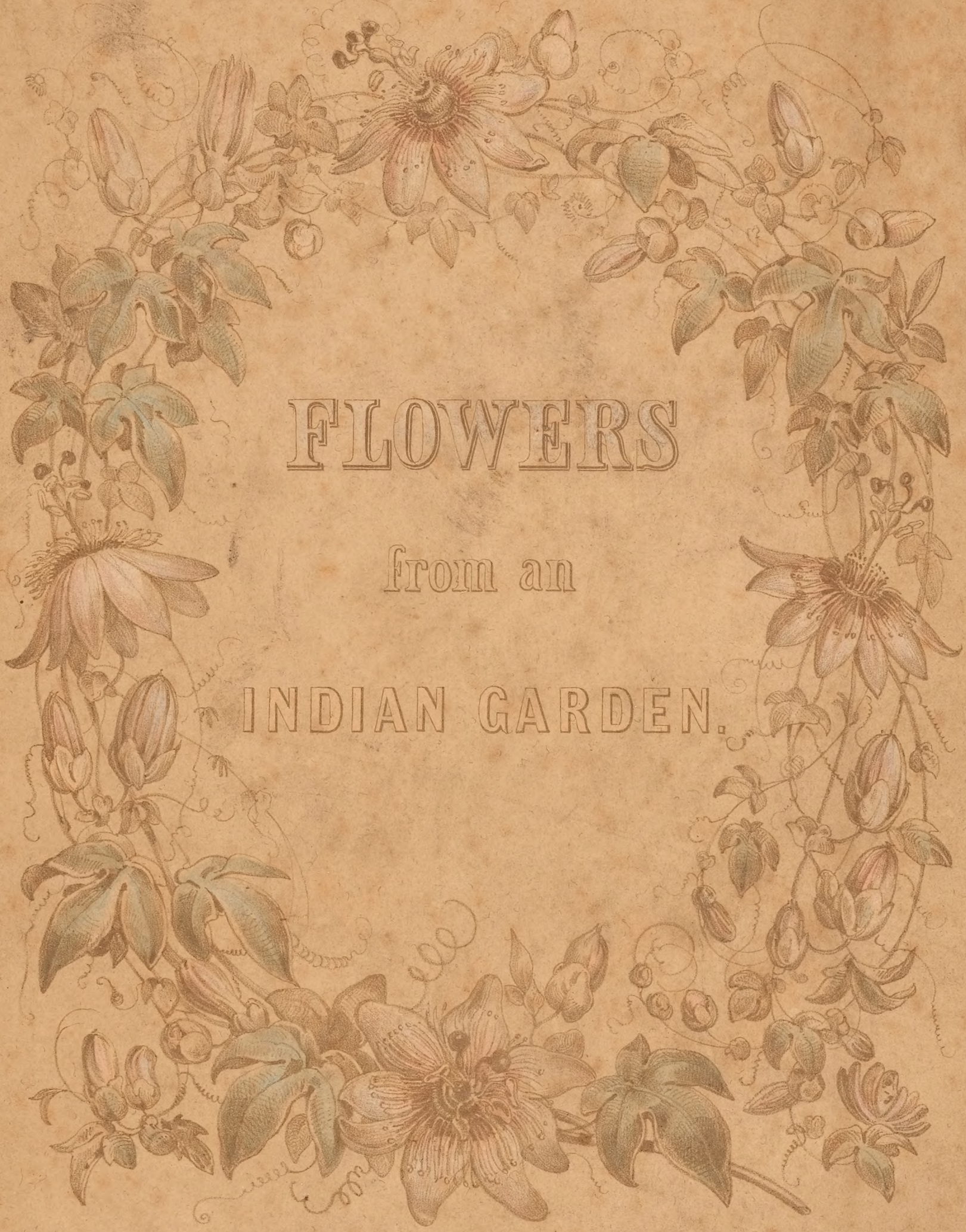




FLOWERS

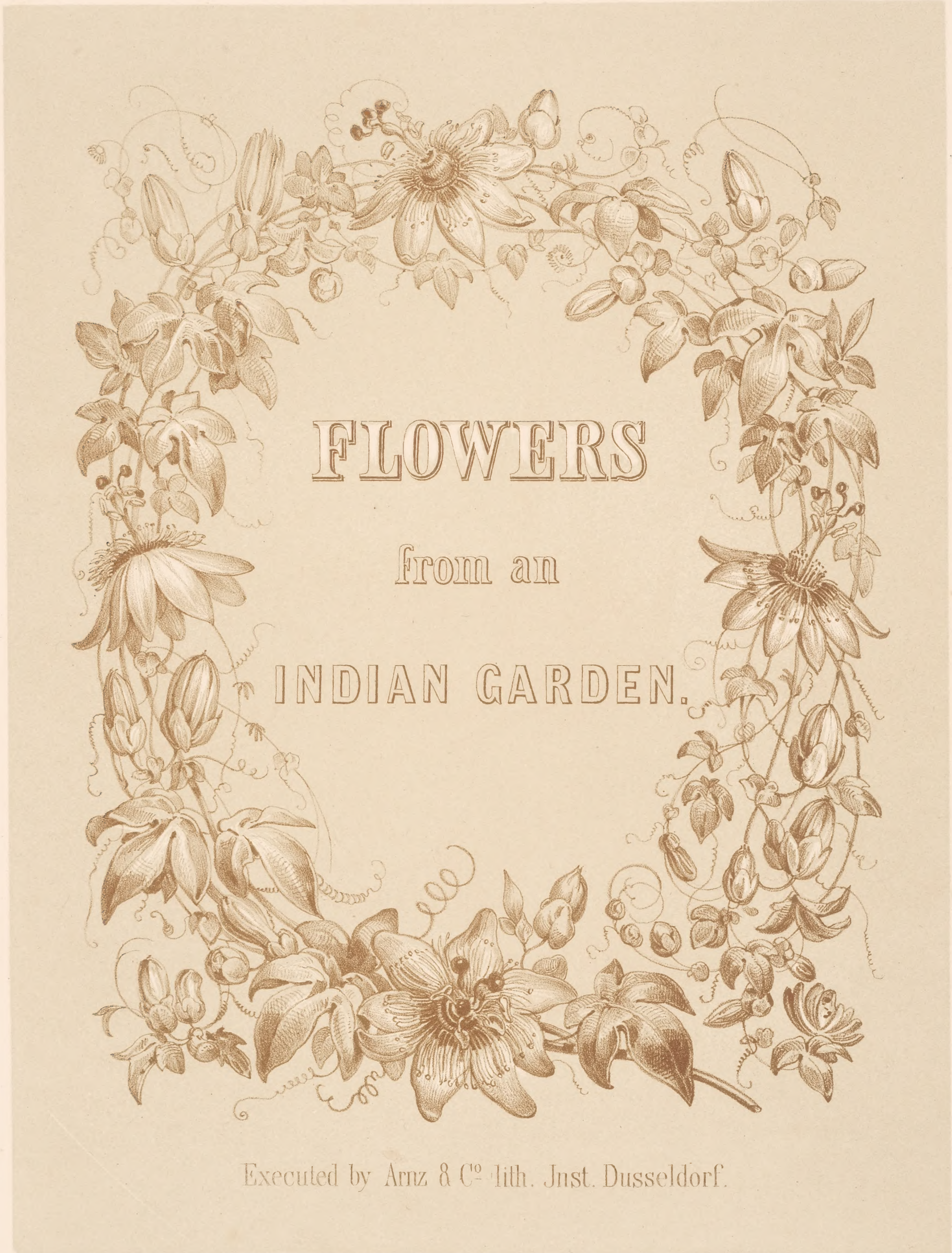
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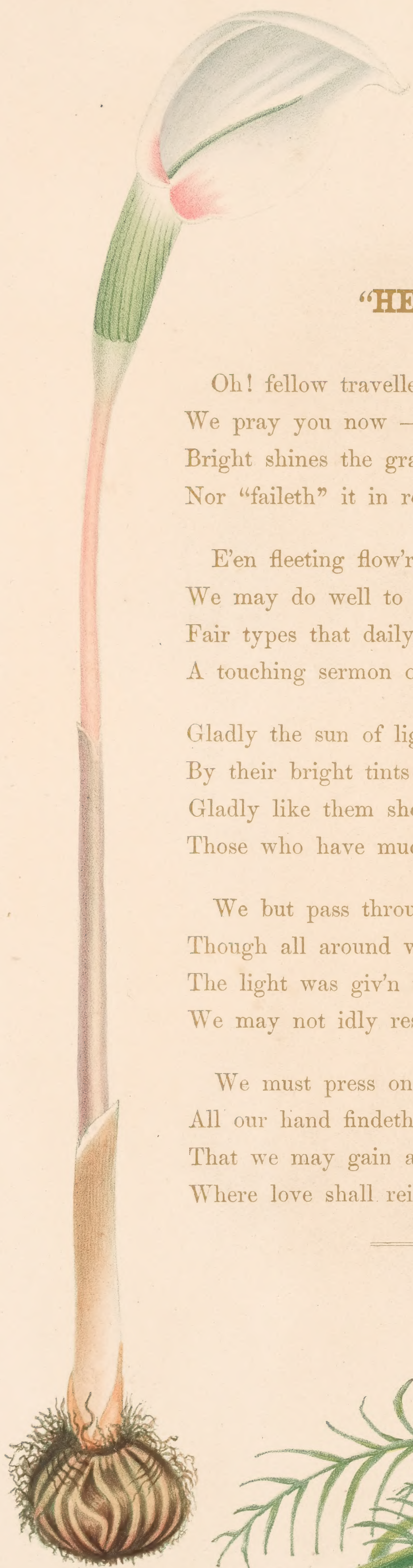
INDIAN GARDEN.

Executed by Arnz & Co. lith. Just Dusseldorf

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“HELP US!”

Oh! fellow travellers, of the way we go,
We pray you now — speed on our work of love;
Bright shines the grace of Charity below,
Nor “faileth” it in realms of bliss above.

E’en fleeting flow’rs to us wise lessons teach,
We may do well to heed, nor pass them by —
Fair types that daily to the thoughtful preach,
A touching sermon on mortality.

Gladly the sun of light and life they greet,
By their bright tints returning glow for glow —
Gladly like them should ALL pay tribute meet,
Those who have much, oh, much let them bestow!

We but pass through the land — we cannot stay,
Though all around with joy and gladnes teems,
The light was giv’n to cheer us on our way,
We may not idly rest beneath its beams.

We must press onward — keep the narrow road,
All our hand findeth, do, with all our might,
That we may gain at last the blest abode,
Where love shall reign, and faith be lost in sight.



A MAHABULESHWUR.
WILD FLOWER.

THE IPOMEA QUAMOCLIT.



THE MAHIM MOGREE. PHOEBUS HIBISCUS.
DOUBLE LILAC HIBISCUS. JPOMEA JNDICA.

Flowers from an Indian Garden.

In ancient times there lived a Mighty Queen
Whose land was even like the Fairy Bowers;
Throughout it, in profusion rich, were seen
The gayest, loveliest, sweetest of earths' flowers;
Some grew upon the lofty Palace walls;
From every nook, some would the passer greet,
Some clustered in and o'er the sumptuous halls:
The air was laden with their odours sweet.

But sorrow winged her poisoned shaft e'en there;
That gracious Queen upon her couch did lie,
Her subjects hearts were filled with woe and care,
To hear, their much loved Queen must surely die.

The subject of these slight lines is taken from a piece entitled: 'The World's Fairest Rose', published in the 5th Vol. of Dicken's Household Word's. It seemed to the writer to suggest an appropriate link for her Flowers and she therefore gladly availed herself of it, and has used many of the same words and expressions.



POINCIANA PULCHERRIMA (GOLD MOHUR). WILD WHITE CONVULVULUS.
CLITORIA TERNATEA. QUESQUALIS INDICA.

For thus they said, who watched her bed beside,
Save one alone — the wisest of the band,
There is a hope! She may be saved! he cried,
Search for the Queen of Flowers throughout the land,
The Flowered Symbol of the Highest Love!
Her spirit lingers — love alone has power,
The highest, purest love, that earth can prove,
May stay her spirit at its passing hour.

Forth went the word, — flocked, quickly, from around,
The old, the young, of every rank and age;
Offerings from bowers of earthly love abound,
Though sweet and fair; yet none could please the Sage.

“It is customary in the East, to express, by the combination of Flowers, those sentiments of the heart, which are regarded as too refined and sacred, to be communicated through the common medium of words.”

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

The colour of the Quesqualis, and its bending stalk denotes a lovers doubts and fears.

The Gold Mohur in its flame colour — ardent love; the Blue Clitoria — Constancy; and the white Convolvulus, pure and modest attachment.



GLORIOSA SUPERBA.

The Ipomea's wreaths, said one, I bring —
"I cleave to you," it says, in grateful love,
And round each kind supporter it will fling
Its lovely blossoms — gratitude to prove.
The Glorious Superba, well may vie
With that, another said; its bright wreath crowned
A lightning blasted tree — to typify
The generous friend — in trouble, faithful found.

Dear are the joys of friendship, said the Sage,
And dearer far, when shown in sorrow's night;
And sweet of gratitude, the foliage —
But there is love more pure, more dear, more bright.

"I attach myself to you", is the emblematical signification of the Ipomea Quamoclit: this delicate scarlet creeper requires a support for its slender branches, and, without fatiguing that supporter, it wreathes it with foliage and flowers.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

The Gloriosa Superba is also a creeper of a very tenacious hold, the end of each leaf being furnished with a clasper, that binds fast, all it comes near. It is often met with in India, ornamenting the wildest spots with its splendid blossoms. They change colour by degrees, being of pale pink and green when first opening, then becoming red and yellow, next, of deeper red and orange, and entirely red before fading. One, in each stage, is represented.



THE CHINA HIBISCUS.

I bring, said one, the rarest flowers on earth,
They took their being from affection's breath;
Two sisters, loved and loving from their birth,
And undivided even in their death,
Reared these sweet flowers, whose firm leaves seem to tell
Of their firm love; neither had thought or care
But for the sister twin she loved so well,
Whose every joy and hope 't was hers to share.

Alas! exclaimed the Sage, that it should be
Rare, to behold such perfect sympathy!
But yet, — I seek a love that has still less
Of earth — a love, with greater power to bless.

“So we grew together,
“Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
“But yet a union in partition,
“Two loving berries moulded on one stem!”

MIDSUMMERS NIGHT DREAM

This beautiful pink flower is a new variety of the Hibiscus family,
in our Indian garden: it has been recently imported from China.



THE ORANGE HIBISCUS.

An aged man, with solemn earnest mien,
Pressed forward, from the eager anxious throng;
The best, the highest love that can be seen,
He said, to science ever must belong:
Her votaries toil, long days and years to scan
The mysteries of Nature's secret laws,
In hope to benefit their brother man,
By knowledge, gained of Wisdom's first high cause.

Great is the debt we owe, exclaimed the Sage,
To science and her sons! their heritage
Shall be the treasured thanks of kindred minds,
But the *best* love a wider influence finds.

This singular variety of the Hibiscus family is chosen as an emblem of the sons of science, as its appearance suggests the idea of a transition state, from a single to a double flower, and it may therefore fancifully serve to represent the human mind in its efforts to attain a higher degree of power. I would remind the reader that the Mallow and the Hollyhock, kindred flowers of the Hibiscus, represent Beneficence and Ambition in floral imagery.



THE GOLDEN CHUMPA
CAMELLIA BUDS.

It is an opening bud, a Mother said,
Who bore upon her arm her blooming boy,
I see the sweetest, holiest love, o'erspread
My darling's face, when turned to me with joy.
'T is then, his blue eyes laugh, by sleep refreshed,
And his bright cheeks with smiling dimples glow,
While his dear head is pillowed on my breast,
And all his Mother's love, he seems to know.

Fair is that bud, the ancient Sage replied,
A Mother only knows the depth of joy
That from it springs — but there is yet beside,
A purer love — a love without alloy.

Buds typify childhood. — The Camilla buds have been introduced as appropriate to the lines, and the leaves to throw out the flowers of the Golden Chumpea, a beautiful flowering tree, the blossoms of which precede the leaves.



ABUTILON STRIATUM.
MAHABULESHWUR FORGET-ME-NOT.

I know a higher love, another said;
The best, the holiest, that on earth can shine;
I saw it beaming on our dear Queen's head,
Encircling her with light, well nigh divine,
As o'er the couch of her sick child she bent
In bitter grief, — it was a touching sight, —
And from her anguished soul, deep prayers she sent
Troughout the live-long hours of that sad night.

Holy and wonderful, the powers that dwell,
Answered the Sage, in sorrow's drooping flower,
Its purifying influence, wo can tell?
But there is yet a higher, holier power.

Drooping flowers and leaves denote sadness, and dead leaves denote melancholy, in the language of flowers.

After the monsoon, the 'Forget-me-not' is found in great profusion, on the Mahabuleshwur Hills; it grows to the height of two feet; the spray here represented, was gathered in a beautiful dell on the bank of a tiny brook, in the hot month of May, when probably, not another flower of its kind was in bloom.



THE INDIAN SHOT.
CANNA INDICA.

Forth from the group, a mourning widow came;
She bore the Indian shot, with trembling hand,
Emblem of him, she said, of lasting fame,
My dear, devoted son! (throughout the land
The tale is known) when, by the foe's keen sword,
My lord was smitten, he, our joy and pride,
To shield his Father, faced, alone, the horde,
And though he failed to rescue, with him died!

To die for what we prize! scarce can be seen,
'Mongst sons of men, a greater love than this!
Still love there is, replied the Sage, than e'en,
Surpasseth it, in deep devotedness.

When Colonel Pennycuik was mortally wounded at the head of his Regiment, in the battle of Chillian-wallah, and his men were driven back, his gallant son stood over his fathers body, and fell, covered with wounds, while endeavouring to protect it.

The Canna Indica with its scarlet dress and upright form, well represents the soldier.

The seeds of Cannas are round and black, and are commonly known under the name of Indian shot. — They have been used as a substitute for coffee.

PROFESSOR BALFOUR'S MANUAL OF BOTANY.



MAHABULESHWUR LILY.

I saw it once, a pious Bishop said;
The maidens came, their covenant to renew,
And o'er their fresh young cheeks the blushes spread,
Called forth by feelings of devotion true.
Like a fair Lily in her purity,
Her full soul beaming in her heavenly eyes,
Was one of that sweet band, she seemed to be
An angel, ready for her native skies.

Blessed are they who dedicate their youth,
Replied the Sage, to heavenly love and truth,
And high their recompense, but yet, above
Such pure devotion, stands a purer love.

White flowers are the emblems of purity and innocence. Shakspeare speaks of the daisy as the flower, "Whose white investiments figure innocence."

These lilies grow on the Mahabuleshwur Hills; the one represented was found on a barren plain about two miles from the village of Malcolm Pait, on the road to Kate's Point. Not a shrub or blade of grass was to be seen near it.



HIBISCUS MUTABILIS.

This Rose, of changing colours, well may be
The emblem of the highest love, said one;
Its pallid opening bud, at eve we see,
Deep dyed with glowing crimson, by the sun:
Thus is man's heart, selfish and cold, till fire
Of grace divine, kindles its deepest glow.
Then will he, in each deed and word, aspire,
Only his Master's work and will to know.

Holy and high! the faithful, active zeal
Of self-denying men, the Sage replies;
Salt of the earth are they! but yet, we feel,
Some greater love constrains their sacrifice.

The *Hibiscus mutabilis* is white in the morning, rose-tinted at noon, and quite red in the evening; it withers and falls off at night.

"In the Bible, Fire, and its colour, red, represents Divine love."

"Red colour designated among the Greeks, as in India and Egypt, 'Love', the Sanctifier and Regenerator."

"In China, red colour is consecrated to Religion."

WAELE, ON SYMBOLIC COLOUR.



PASSIFLORA ALATA.
PASSIFLORA COERULEA.

A gentle Child came next, the Queen's young child,
And in his hand, the Passion Flower, he bore,
In earnest, wondering accents, low and mild,
While silent tears, adown his young cheeks pour;
Oh! listen! dearest Mother! thus he cried,
And say, if love was ever like to this?
The righteous Son of God, for sinners died!
That they might live, He left His throne of Bliss!

Now, as she heard the words of wondrous power,
A bright clear light, lit up the Queen's dim eye,
From Heaven above, she cried, came down that flower,
And those who live by Faith, shall never die!

The Passion Flower is the emblem of faith; in it we find a representation of the crown of thorns, the cross, the sponge, the nails and the five wounds of Christ, whence its name.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

The name is derived from the Latin „flos passionis“, originally given to the plant by the Spaniards, from its supposed resemblance to the instruments of the crucifixion of our Saviour. When they first discovered America, and found a flower seeming to represent so closely, circumstances of so sacred a nature, they attached the most superstitious ideas to it.

FLORISTS MAGAZINE. Vol. 5.
